SIRIUS

Number 18 $2.50 US

TERI SUE

Wandering Star

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Howdy folks!

Hey look! It's book eighteen and I haven't yet brought up the subject of expanding WANDERING STAR's storyline a few more issues! Holy cannoli! Could it be...? Yes, it's true! WANDERING STAR is really, fer gosh sure, going to end on issue 21! Wuf! Am I happy! I wanna get hopping on DARKLIGHT. I had the opportunity to spend the last week putting together DARKLIGHT stuff for SIRIUS' big "Look what's coming in 1997" promo, and I just had a ball. It'll be weird, though, when it's over. I've been that "gal that does WANDERING STAR" for three whole years. It'll almost be like starting from scratch. "Teri? Teri WHO?" Arrgh! And speaking of DARKLIGHT, I still need to invest in a bit more research material, so I am once again opening up the door to sell original art from WANDERING STAR. The pages that are available are from issue 12 and on, and they're going for $75 each. But I'll tell ya what, I am looking for lectures on audio or video cassette on ancient history, religion, philosophy, psychology, and the like, and if you've got something like that you can copy off or trade, perhaps we can make a deal. I will trade original art pages, or discount them,. depending on what you have. But, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, don't send me anything until you check with me first! I've got quite a bit of stuff already, okay? Thanks! Hey, guess what? I got to go to Beaumont's annual German Octoberfest! Whee! Of course it was a bit odd. They had a German band, but they weren't playing any German music. And lemme tell ya, ya ain't heard nothing yet until you've heard "Achey Breaky Heart" on an accordian. Brrr! Tis truly a strange world that we live in. Oh, I wanna give a two thumbs up to Mark Oakley's THIEVES & KINGS, Volume One, graphic novel. I just got around to reading it, not because I didn't think it was good stuff, heck, EVERYBODY I know's been raving about T&K, but... well... I just didn't, OKAY? Anyway, it's as good as everyone says it is, so go out and buy it. In other news, for those of ya out there who wandered (hah, get it? Heh heh heh!) over to WANDERING STAR because of the work I did on RHUDIPRRT, I'll be walking around this coming Conference in Los Angeles. So if you're gonna be there, and ya see me, tap me on the shoulder and say, "hi," okay? I'll also have stuff in the art gallery, so check it out if ya get the chance. Oops, my brain stopped working. What else can I tell ya? Um, I guess I could tell ya the joke Drew Hayes told me at the Atlanta, Georgia convention. It's about a bar and an alligator, and it's just hysterical, but if I tell ya that one it'll, like, completely destroy my image, so maybe I'll just keep my mouth shut. Oh, hey, I know! Simba and Zeke have a new friend. Uh huh. It's this Australian Shepherd-Dingo mix who lives at the other end of the block. Her name's Polka-Dot and she's developed the habit of jumping her fence at 1:00 a.m. in the morning, and yipping and scratching on our front door demanding to be let in. Which of course I always do. Then about 2:00 a.m., when I'm ready to zonk out, I take her outside and send her home. Heh. Oh YEAH! Guess what else??? It's finally cold outside! I even got a whole truckload of free firewood from this house that's remodeling in Redlands, who cut down a buncha trees. I remember thinking that this much firewood would last forever. Which I guess shows how much I know. It's gone already. I am very proud of my newly acquired fire-making skills, though. I had no clue how to do it before. I'd try and try, and nothing would happen. I was finally beginning to think that it's LIKE those darn chestnuts, and that it is impossible to light wood fires without pouring lighter fluid all over it first. But then, ah HAH! I rented this unabridged audio-cassette of Great American Short Stories, and on it was this tale "To Light a Fire," and now I know how to do it! Yes, I am a fire-setting professional. But of course, now I'm outta firewood, so I guess it doesn't matter. Sniff, sniff. Anyway, it's December so have a merry whatever the heck it is yer celebrating!

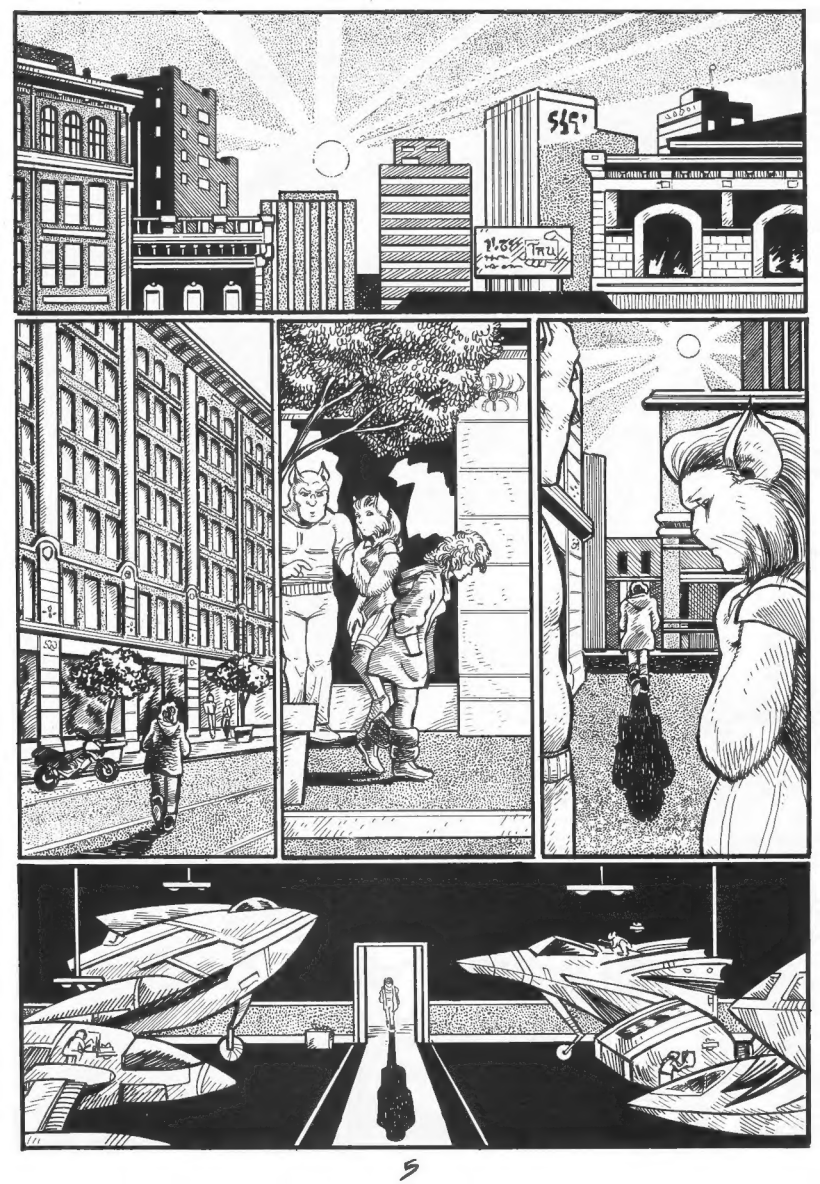
WANDERING STAR Vol. 1 #18. FIRST PRINTING. Published by SIRIUS Entertainment, Inc. Lawrence Salamone, President. Robb Horan, Publisher. Joseph Linsner, Art Director. Correspondence: P.O. Box 128, Stanhope NJ 07874. WANDERING STAR © 1996 Teri Sue Wood. (Stop reading this! Go read the story!). SIRIUS & the DogStar logo are trademark and copyright SIRIUS Entertainment, Inc. All rights reserved. Violator's homes will be chopped up for firewood. But don't worry. I still have that box in the backyard.

I SAT UNDER THAT TREE FOR A VERY LONG TIME.
I SAT THERE ALL THAT AFTERNOON,...
...AND INTO THE EVENING,...
...AND THROUGH THE WHOLE OF THE NIGHT.
NOT MOVING.
JUST SITTING.
IT WAS COLD AND I WAS HUNGRY.
MY BACK HURT,
...AND MY LEGS ACHED,
...BUT ALL OF THAT WAS STILL BETTER THAN MOVING.
MOVING MEANT ADMITTING THAT I WAS ALIVE.
AND IF I WAS ALIVE,...
...THEN I WOULD HAVE TO FACE A UNIVERSE WHERE THE EARTH NO LONGER EXISTED.

SO MUCH OF MY LIFE WAS GONE.
SO MANY PEOPLE.
MY FRIENDS.
MY FAMILY.
ALL OF THEM GONE.
THE IMPORTANT THINGS.
AND THE LITTLE THINGS.
I REMEMBERED MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.
AND THE CRYSTAL HEART THAT SHE'D GIVEN ME BEFORE SHE'D DIED.
I REMEMBERED MY DIARIES, HIDDEN IN MY CLOSET.
AND THE TIN CAN FILLED WITH THINGS CHILDREN THINK ARE IMPORTANT, WITH TWO NOTES WRITTEN TO THE FUTURE, THAT DAVID AND I HAD BURIED IN HIS BACKYARD WHEN WE WERE EIGHT YEARS OLD.
WE WERE GOING TO DIG IT UP NEXT YEAR.
MY LIFE,...
...EVERYTHING I WAS,...
...EVERYTHING THAT DEFINED ME,...
...WAS GONE.

THEN...
...FROM BEHIND ME, THE SUN BEGAN TO RISE SLOWLY ON THE HORIZON.
ITS FIRST SHAFTS OF LIGHT TOUCHING THE GRASS WHERE I SAT.
IN THAT EARLY LIGHT OF NOT QUITE MORNING OR NIGHT THE FIELD SUDDENLY SEEMED TO COME ALIVE,...
...IN BRILLIANT SHADES OF GREEN, DEW GLISTENING LIKE LITTLE STARS.
COLORS...
...SHIFTING...
...CHANGING...
...AS THE SUN ROSE HIGHER.
HUNDREDS OF GREENS.
MILLIONS OF GREENS.
IT WAS... SUCH A SIMPLE BEAUTY,...
...SO ALIVE!
IT REACHED INTO MY CHEST AND FOUND MY HEART HIDDEN DEEP WITHIN MY DESPAIR.
...AND TOUCHED IT.

MORNING!
IT SEEMED LIKE A MIRACLE TO ME.
AFTER ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED...
...THE NIGHT STILL FADED...
...AND THE SUN STILL ROSE.
IT MAY SOUND ODD...
...BUT ON SOME LEVEL, DEEP INSIDE ME,...
...THAT SURPRISED ME.
TO HAVE GONE THROUGH THAT NIGHT,...
...TO HAVE FACED FAR WORSE THAN I COULD HAVE EVER IMAGINED...
...AND TO STILL SEE THE SUN RISE ON A NEW DAY.
TO DISCOVER THAT LIFE HAD GONE ON.
AND THAT I...
...I...
...WAS STILL ALIVE.



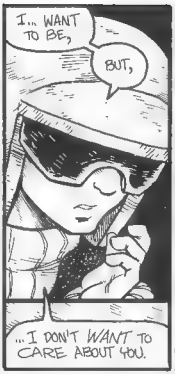
CASANDRA!
HELLO, ELLI.
ARE... ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
NO. BUT I'LL LIVE.
HOW'S JOEY?
THE SAME.
I FINALLY GOT HIM TO GO TO SLEEP IN ONE OF THE OTHER ROOMS ON THE SHIP.
THAT'S GOOD.
YOU'RE STILL HERE?
What?
No!
I mean...
...NO.
I JUST GOT BACK.
CASANDRA, I ASKED HIM TO LOOK FOR YOU, AND HE DID.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THAT WE WEREN'T FRIENDS?
Huh?

WE'RE NOT!
But...
...WE'RE ALSO NOT WHAT WE WERE, EITHER.
AND BESIDES,...
...I OWE YOU.
THANKS, MEKON.
YOU'RE WELCOME.
NOW IF WE CAN JUST FIND MADISON.
OH. HE'S BACK.
What?
HE RETURNED LAST NIGHT, CASANDRA.
IS HE OKAY?
I... THINK SO. BUT HE'S STILL VERY QUIET.
I...
...I THINK I MAY HAVE MADE A MISTAKE THE OTHER DAY. MADISON'S...
ELLI...

IF IT WAS A MISTAKE,
IT WAS A MISTAKE.
DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP ABOUT IT.
BESIDES... MADISON WAS JUST FINE,...
...UNTIL I OPENED MY BIG MOUTH AT THE HOSPITAL.
CASANDRA....
DON'T WORRY.
I'LL TAKE MY OWN ADVICE.
SIGH.
NOW,...
...I THINK I'M GOING TO GO CHECK UP ON MADISON,
AND THEN I'M GOING TO GO TO SLEEP FOR A VERY,
...VERY,
...VERY,
...LONG TIME.
AND MEKON?
YES?
CONSIDERING THAT YOU'RE STILL WEARING THE CLOTHES YOU HAD ON YESTERDAY,...
...I'D SAY THAT YOU'RE JUST ABOUT DUE FOR SOME SHUTEYE, YOURSELF.
NOW, I'M OFF TO SLEEP. TAKE CARE.
CASANDRA?
YES, ELLI?
SLEEP WELL.
I'LL TRY.

Sigh.
MADISON...
I'M... ...I'M JUST CHECKING UP ON YOU.
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK, THAT'S FINE.
I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT I'M HERE, IF YOU DID.
THAT'S ALL.
SWOOSH!
MADISON...?
...I...
...I...
LOOK...
...DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO YOU.
I...
...DON'T KNOW...
...ANYTHING...
...ANYMORE.
BUT...
...I'M SORRY ABOUT EARTH.
SO AM I.

MADISON,
ARE WE STILL FRIENDS?
CASANDRA, PLEASE DON'T ASK ME THAT.
I...
...DON'T...
I DON'T KNOW.


I... WANT TO BE,
BUT,
...I DON'T WANT TO CARE ABOUT YOU.

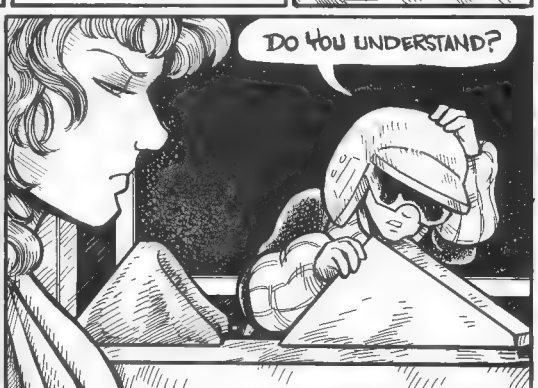
OR ABOUT ELLI.
OR JOEY.
OR...
Madison...

NO!
LISTEN TO ME!
JUST LISTEN!

I'VE BEEN THINKING,
...A LOT LATELY,
...ABOUT LIFE, OR FATE, OR WHATEVER,
...ABOUT HOW IT CAN'T BE CONTROLLED, OR PREDICTED.
ABOUT HOW YOU CAN NEVER, EVER KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TOMORROW, AND...

...I THINK...
...IT'S NOT SAFE TO CARE ABOUT ANYONE.

AND I REALLY, REALLY HATE LOSING PEOPLE I CARE ABOUT.


DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

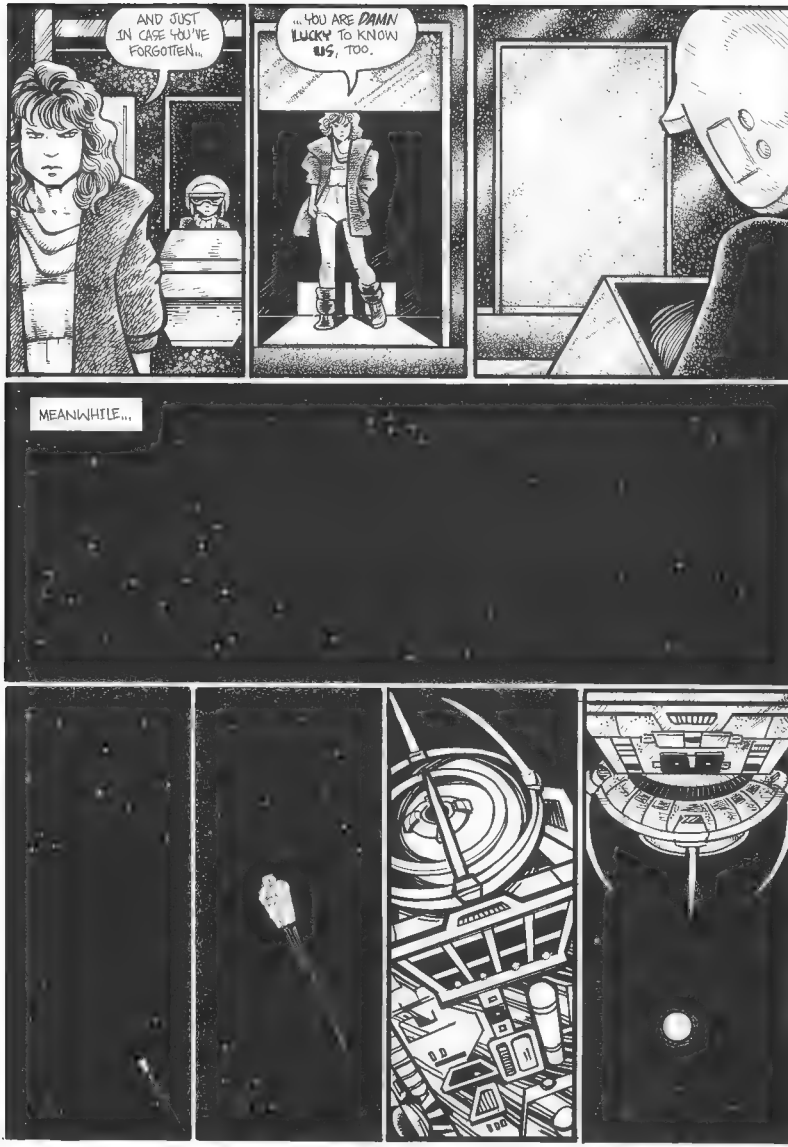
yes.
YES, I DO.
IT'S...
...KINDA LIKE RUSSIAN ROULETTE.
What?
GAMBLING, I MEAN.
ONLY WITH YOUR HEART.
YES.
I DON'T KNOW, MADISON.
I DON'T.
BUT, MAYBE...
MAYBE ALL WE CAN HAVE IS TEMPORARY HAPPINESS.
MAYBE THAT'S ALL THERE IS.

THAT'S NOT ENOUGH.
SO, WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, THEN?
SPEND YOUR LIFE JUST RUNNING AWAY, MADISON.
RUNNING AWAY FROM EVERYTHING THAT COULD
EVER
POSSIBLY
HURT YOU?
SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN TO ME!
Madison...
CASANDRA!
ARE YOU READY FOR MORE PAIN?
ARE YOU READY TO LOSE SOMEONE ELSE THAT YOU CARE ABOUT?

ALL I KNOW IS THAT...
...I JUST WANT TO RIP OUT MY OWN HEART,
SO I DON'T HAVE TO FEEL ANYMORE!
CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?
YES.
TRUST ME,
...I DO.
BUT, I'M...
...STILL GLAD THAT I KNEW GRAIKOR!
AND I'M STILL
...GLAD THAT I KNEW DAVID!
AND MARIE.
AND GREG.
AND KAYLIN.
AND...
...and...

IT WAS A PRIVILEGE.
IT WAS A PRIVILEGE TO KNOW THEM!
EVEN...
...IF...
...IT...
...HURTS...
...LIKE HELL RIGHT NOW!
IT WAS A PRIVILEGE.

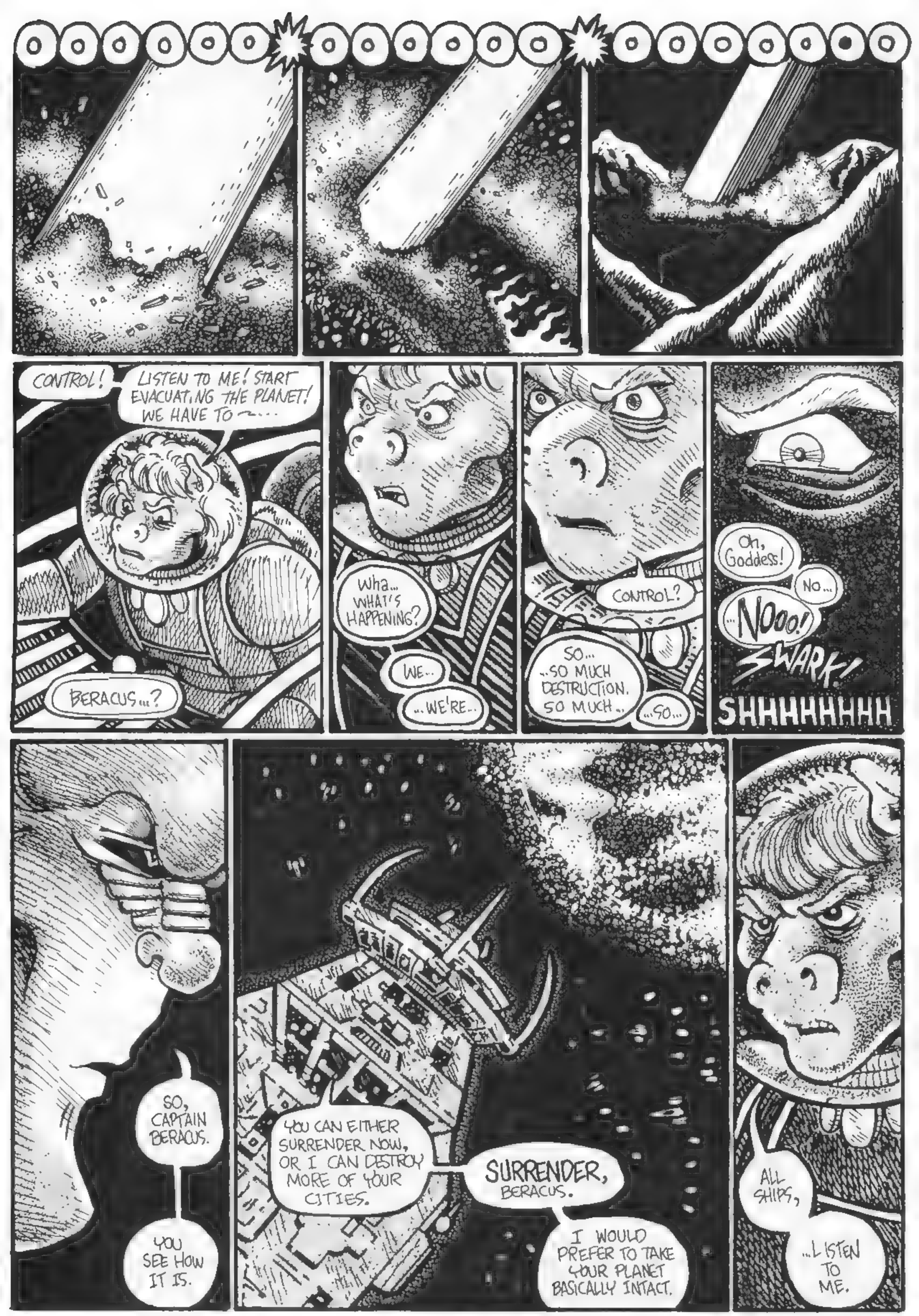
I WAS DAMN LUCKY TO KNOW THEM.
AND I WOULDN'T TRADE MY MOMENTS WITH THEM JUST TO SPARE MYSELF SOME OF THIS PAIN.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
CASANDRA.
I...
...I...
...I JUST...
Huh?
I KNOW.


AND JUST IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN...
...YOU ARE DAMN LUCKY TO KNOW US, TOO.
MEANWHILE...

CAPTAIN! I'M PICKING SOMETHING UP!
ARE MY SCANNERS OFF..
...OR IS THAT THING...?!!
YES, IT IS.
CENTRAL CONTROL. THIS IS CAPTAIN BERACUS.
YES, SIR?
WE HAVE A CLASS ONE ALERT. GET OUR PEOPLE INTO THE SHELTERS, AND WAKE UP ALL OF OUR FIGHTERS.
I THINK I MAY NEED EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM.
AH, MA'DIVES.
ALL ALONE IN COLD SPACE.
THE LAST OF THE ALLIANCE BORDER WORLDS TO HOLD ITS OWN IN THIS WAR.
T'KEL, ACTIVATE OUR ATTACK SHIELDS.
YES, SIR.

BELAR,
HAVE YOU FINISHED SCANNING MA'DIVES FOR CITY POPULATIONS?
YES, SIR
VERY GOOD.
TARGET ONE-SIXTH OF THOSE AREAS EQUALLY DIVIDED AROUND THE GLOBE.
AND PROGRAM THOSE COORDINATES INTO THE HOWLER.
UNIDENTIFIED VESSE..
THIS IS CAPTAIN BERACUS REPRESENTING THE PEOPLE OF THE PLANET MA'DIVES.
WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS HERE?
OPEN A CHANNEL.
GREETINGS, CAPTAIN BERACUS.
I AM COMMANDER NARZ ABOARD THE DESTROYER, KEKAKOPOLOUS.
I REPRESENT THE GREAT BONO KIRIAN EMPIRE.
AND I NOW REQUIRE...
...THE COMPLETE AND UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER OF YOUR PLANET AND YOUR PEOPLE.
Captain?
MA' SHA'KA!
ALL SHIPS!
ATTACK!

SHALL I ACTIVATE OUR DEFENSE LASERS?
NO.
I WANT TO SEE HOW THEY HANDLE OUR SHIELDS.
KA-BOOM!
ALL SHIPS! HOLD YOUR FIRE!
HOLD YOUR FIRE!
EXTRAORDINARY, ISN'T IT, CAPTAIN BERACUS?
IT'S A RATHER NEW ADVANCE IN SHIELD TECHNOLOGY.
WHEN TRIGGERED BY A LASER BLAST, OUR SHIELDS RICOCHET BACK ANOTHER BLAST OF TWICE THE ORIGINAL'S POWER, IN AN UNESCAPEABLE FRACTION OF A SECOND.
BUT MY MIND WANDERS.
I TAKE IT FROM YOUR ATTACK THAT YOUR PEOPLE FIND THE CONCEPT OF SURRENDER UNPALATABLE.
ALLOW ME TO SEASON YOUR
BELAR
THE HOWLER!


CONTROL!
LISTEN TO ME! START EVACUATING THE PLANET! WE HAVE TO ~...
BERACUS...?
Wha... WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WE...
...WE'RE...
CONTROL?
SO... ...SO MUCH DESTRUCTION. SO MUCH...
...SO...
Oh, Goddess!
No...
...NOOO!
SWARK!
SHHHHHHHH
SO, CAPTAIN BERACUS.
YOU SEE HOW IT IS.
YOU CAN EITHER SURRENDER NOW, OR I CAN DESTROY MORE OF YOUR CITIES.
SURRENDER, BERACUS.
I WOULD PREFER TO TAKE YOUR PLANET BASICALLY INTACT.
ALL SHIPS,
...LISTEN TO ME.

AND AS YOU DO,
...THINK OF YOUR WORLD...
... YOUR FAMILIES...
...YOUR CHILDREN...
THEIR SHIPS ARE ADVANCING AGAIN, SIR.
I THOUGHT THEY MIGHT.
ACTIVATE DEFENSE LASERS.
THEY'LL PROBABLY BE TRYING TO CRASH THEIR SHIPS INTO US.
THAT'S WHAT I WOULD DO.
AND SEND OUT SQUADRONS 5-12.
I WANT THIS ENDED QUICKLY.
AH, MA'DIVES.
YOUR PEOPLE CERTAINLY DO NOT LACK COURAGE.

WHAT A WASTE
...THAT WE DID NOT MEET IN A BATTLE OF MORE EQUAL GROUND.
AS IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH.
IN A BATTLE...
...WHERE WE BOTH COULD HAVE FOUGHT GLORIOUSLY.
AS IT SHOULD BE.
MODERN WAR IS SO COLD.
ASKING SO MUCH OF YOU.
SO LITTLE OF US.
YOU TAKE THE GLORY THIS DAY, IF NOT THE VICTORY.
YOU DIE WELL.
...WITH COURAGE
MAY THE TWINS PLACE YOU HIGHLY IN THEIR ARMIES OF THE DARKLANDS.

WANDERING THOUGHTS

PO BOX 474, BEAUMONT CA 92223-0474

Dear Teri,

D-oh! So that's what I'm doing wrong. I'm feeding my zombies brains instead of Brians! (I'd leave you alone too if you fed me a Brian instead of a brain.) Where do YOU get your supply of Brians?

Sincerely,
Edward Franks
St. Joseph, MO
P.S. I love WANDERING STAR.
I never know where you are going which is VERY GOOD.

Where do I get my supply of Brians? Bwah hah hah. I'll never tell.

Dear Teri,

You already have Preston Sweet to thank for proofing WS, but since he also runs the comic shop that I stop by weekly, and since he was the one to recommend WANDERING STAR to me, you owe him thanks for making me a fan as well. Preston mentioned that you and Drew Hayes were going to be appearing with the other SIRIUS people at a small convention in the Atlanta area, so I took a day off and dropped by. I have to admit that it was mostly to meet Drew, since I love POISON ELVES and hadn't read WANDERING STAR yet, but that changed in a hurry. After finding the SIRIUS table and chatting with Drew for a bit, I turned my attention to you, since you looked a bit forlorn. Lo and behold, you were one of the nicest and friendliest people I'd ever met. After glancing through some of the WS issues you had displayed in front of you, I picked up the first three issues right then and there (which you were kind enough to sign for me). The little I'd seen of your art in those brief glimpses made me resolve to read them as soon as I got home. I was immediately impressed with just about every aspect of WANDERING STAR. The characters are wonderfully life-like and the artwork is simply beautiful. (Do I detect just a hint of Reed Waller influence in your art? Cassandra seems decidedly catlike at times–which fits her extremely well.) Needless to say, the next time I visited Main Street Comics I picked up issues #4 through 15 with the rest of my weekly purchases. I sat down and read #4 through 15 that afternoon and was greatly disappointed when I finished #15–not because it was a bad issue, but because I'd have to wait a while before finding out what happened next! Teri, you've got a treasure here. Don't listen to anybody who tells you you've sold out by going to SIRIUS–from what you say, it was a necessary move. If you have complete creative control over the book, what difference does it make who's publishing it? Keep up the great work with WANDERING STAR, I definitely plan to be on board for the long haul. I'm also looking forward to DARKLIGHT–keep us posted on your progress with it!

Regards,
Phil Carter
Athens, GA

Why, thank you, kind sir! (Psst! The money's in the mail.) You know, I'd heard that before, about people seeing a Waller influence in my work, and I couldn't figure it out. But when ya said "catlike," that did it. The catlike characteristics probably come from my stint on the anthropomorphic, cat-people book, RHUDIPRRT, THE PRINCE OF FUR, that I did with Dwight Decker for MU Press before moving on to WANDERING STAR. It was my first real job in the industry, and the first time I'd sat down at the drawing board and did hours and hours of comic book work, so it probably established a sorta cat-like look in my art style. As for DARKLIGHT, I can't WAIT to do DARKLIGHT. It's been brewing in my head for over ten years and the thing wants to be born. I've been jotting down all these scenes that keep sneaking into my mind lately, little bits of story, some which I think are just hysterical, and others which I think are pretty scary. Scary enough that I'm probably going to have to keep the little "For Mature Readers" on the cover. I hate doing that, but I've been wanting to do some really spooky, "things that go bump in the night" stories for such a long time (Bwah hah hah), so I guess I'll just have to. Anyway, there should be some promo stuff popping up soon in the comic press, so keep an eye out, okay? Oh, and especially check out OVERSTREET'S FAN, `cuz we sorta worked out a wee little DARKLIGHT contest in there! What fun. Gawd, it's cool working in comics.

Hello again,

Well you mentioned the lack of letters for your letter page so I thought I would take another shot at it. I picked up a copy of #16 yesterday. Remember the books I bought from you which I gave to the comic shop whose owner pestered for a YEAR to carry WANDERING STAR? That was where I found a copy of #16, he even had multiple copies on hand. (I still order issues from my subscription service to insure I receive each issue.) It was worth all the aggravation in the end. Back to issue 16. The cover for 16 is excellent, one that grabs one's attention. Hopefully it will bring even more new readers on board. Good things should be shared. I found Cassandra's father's face to be very disturbing. He had the look of a lost soul, one past all redemption. Once I read the book I found the cover to be quite appropriate, and even more disturbing. I enjoyed your editor-

ial. I understand about the fireplace. I think there is something in us all that derives comfort from a crackling fire. Each year on Christmas Eve OPB sets up a camera in front of a fireplace and they play Christmas music in the background as the logs slowly burn away. It is something I always try to watch, it is quite soothing. As for the fog, I have always appreciated how it transforms the landscape into another realm. It is easy to imagine oneself in another land, in another time, in a peaceful, tranquil place. On to the book. I got a kick out of the "frog and destruction" pages, good stuff, good fun. Are you sure Mekon is recovering? He LIKES the music?? I never knew Cassandra had a sadistic side to her. You never, never yell at someone after an "all nighter." I "remember" one "all nighter" in particular. Chalk on the chalk board is EXTREMELY loud under certain conditions! You've got a lot of hurt people running around in this issue. When it comes to toughened by adversity they should be approaching titanium skin by now, especially Madison. I believe I said it in an earlier letter, but I'll say it again. I pity him. He has abilities I would not wish on my worst enemy. The strength of his soul is beyond imagination. I think it would be a true "living Hell" to "hear" all the pain, sorrow and death that he has to endure. I truly do pity him. I do not however pity Cassandra's father. For him I have only contempt. First he allows the Bono Kiro to move in on Earth because the other worlds aren't grateful enough for Earth's saving their bacon. Then once what is happening on Earth is finally forced upon him, rather than making any attempt to redeem the situation, he surrenders to his wretchedness and destroys the planet. While I feel he was wrong in his first act, it is his destruction of the Earth after he has truly abandoned all hope is what I find so contemptible. I rank him right up there with Judas, he is truly a lost soul. I would not condemn him to the fires of Hell, as he has already created his own Hell with the memories of his final deed. To spend eternity knowing your last living act was to annihilate your own planet and almost your entire race. I guess I can find room to pity him after all. Not a very pleasant note to end a book on, but I'll bet it has folks wondering just what will happen next. Over all, even with the annihilation of the planet it was an excellent book, it evoked many emotions in a very shot span of pages. That is what hooked me way back when and it's why I'm still hooked. Keep up the good work. Thanks again. Take care and God bless.

Mark Severson
Hermiston, OR

Thanks, Mark. See ya at the Confurence real soon!

You know, I really did think I'd get a lot more static over Samual blowing up the planet, but only a couple of people raised an eyebrow over it. I have to admit that I did too, when it came down to issue sixteen. When I plotted out WANDERING STAR back in 1992, that was the way I had planned to go, but as the act drew near, it seemed sort of excessive. Still I think a lot of that has to do with the fact that it's not something most people are capable of, not because it was impossible. If you question that, remember how many years we lived under the threat of nuclear destruction, fearing some idiot would "push the button" for a lot less that what Samual did it for. And then there was that guy (oh, heck, WHAT WAS HIS NAME??? I cannot BELIEVE I've misplaced his name. Sheesh!), who set the oil fields on fire a few years back even though a lot of scientists believed it would have catastrophic, world-wide effects. (Boy, did we get lucky on that one.) And so, since I'd already sort of decided that we live in a world where anything is possible, I figured I might as well go ahead and do it. Just call me "Marvin the Martian's Sister." (Hey, let's blame it on T.V. rotting my brain. I used ta love ol' Marvin the Martian. "Yeah, doctor, I was watching the T.V. and Marvin the Martian... He... he started talking to me, through the television! He TOLD me to do it, doc. He DID.") I just have two more things to mention, and I'll let ya wander off and let ya enjoy your holiday. First, for those of you that sent me a little gift for my birthday, I have been just terrible about thanking you, even though I got such nifty things: as a book, tape recordings of music and other stuff, and even a gorgeous Lie-Nielsen Toolworks Block Plane from Mark Swanson who actually did the pattern for it. (Yes, Mark, I loved it. I actually have a great fondness for wood-working, even if I have no real talent for it.) Anyway, this isn't the proper way to thank all of you, but thank you anyway. The other thing is I want to thank everybody for all of the information I've received on various places about the USA in preparations for the move in 1998. (Yeah, it's `98, not `97. The new place has a two-year lease). I can't move to all of these cities, but heck, after reading up on them, I definitely want to visit them some day. So, as I said, it's been greatly appreciated, and thoroughly entertaining. Thanks! Oh wait, there is one more thing. Oliver the proof-reading cat is really disappointed in all's you folks. I mean with choices like Clinton, Dole and Perot, he should'a had the election in the bag. I mean, sure he doesn't know a thing about politics, but hey, there's always a lot of people with money willing to tell you what to do. Just ask... Uh, nah, I won't say it. I think Britain's laughing at us, folks. Tea, anyone?

NOTE: The contest for the rare 1988 WANDERING STAR, Book 2, is extended to January 10th.

Missing Children
Help Center

410 Ware Blvd., Suite 400
Tampa, FL 33619
(813) 623-KIDS
1-800-USA-KIDS
(Nationwide)

JENNIFER A CLARK

Endangered runaway

Missing: 11/30/95 **Age Now:** 15 Yr
Missing From: FRESNO, CA
Birth: 09/11/80 **Age Disap.:** 15 Yr
Sex: F **Race:** WHITE
Height: 5'2" **Weight:** 125 lbs
Hair: BLONDE **Eyes:** GREEN

Id Info: NCIC#M-878446226. Scars on both large toes. Both thumbs are crooked.

Circum: Jennifer went to school on 11/30/95, but cut her last class. She was later seen 2 blocks from her home.

ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION SHOULD CONTACT
Missing Children HELP Center
1-800-USA-KIDS
OR
FRESNO POLICE DEPT.,FRESNO, CALIFORNIA.
209/498-1414

Poster ver 2.0, Pegasus Imaging Corp.

Missing Children
Help Center
National Missing Children Division
National Child Safety Council
410 Ware Boulevard, Suite 400
Tampa, Florida 33619

AMANDA GREINER

Missing Juvenile

AMANDA GREINER

Missing: 01/23/96 **Age Now:** 15
Missing From: KERRVILLE, TX **Age Disap.:** 15
Birth: 09/04/80 **Race:** White
Sex: Female **Eyes:** Blue
Height: 5' 9" **Weight:** 125 lbs.
Hair: Straight Blond

ID Info: BRACES ON TOP. TEETH BESIDE TOP TEETH ARE MISSING.
NCIC # M-898771252

Circum: AMANDA WAS STRESSED OUT AND LEFT HOME ON 1/23/96.
SHE HAS CALLED A FRIEND FROM
FLORIDA.

ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION SHOULD CONTACT:
Missing Children...HELP Center at 1-800-USA-KIDS
OR

KERRVILLE PD
600 MAIN ST SGT SATCHEL
KERRVILLE, TX 7-8028 (210) 257-8181

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